

## CORRESPONDENCE.

756 LAFAYETTE AVE.,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., MAY 18, 1889.

There was probably never a more disgraceful failure than the long expected, much talked of, and quarelled about Centennial ball. Truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and out of this lack of executive ability, this drunken carousel, the badgered, insulted Ward McAllister has emerged triumphant over all his critics and enemies. Everybody knows that if Ward McAllister had managed, there would have been no free champagne, no drunkenness, and no scrambling and waiting of gentlemen for their hats and coats. Things were so badly managed that the marines had to clear the way for the President to his box. Ticket speculators were on hand in great numbers, and the Four Hundred found after a while that they were in the thick of a plebeian element which did not have even the merit of a checked shirt respectability. At this most select and aristocratic gathering were to be found noted gamblers, women of the town, and scores of men who cared for nothing but free wine. There were intemperate men in the ball room, their arms full of champagne, and free fights without numbers in the corridors. "Ward McAllister's finicky particularity" and "fussy fastidiousness," as one of the feminine members of the Four Hundred called this gentlemen's efforts, would have insured this Centennial ball a decent historical showing as well as made it an event of the present.

The Newark Sun, in a criticism of Miss Aldrich's new book of poems called "The Rose of Flame," says, "The plain English about these flame roses is that they are nauseating." This is perfectly true. They cannot fail to disgust all those who have anything beside a sentimental, sensuous, and sensual interest in life. These verses are very unhealthy reading for the young, and it is a shame that a woman with ability enough to do creditable literary work had not perverted her talents to a better use at a time when the world so sorely needs all the help it can get in the way of brave and pure example and teaching. We have had too many poems of passion, and our spiritual stomachs are turned.

Bob Burdette defines insomnia as "sleeping wide awake in a state of irritable inactivity." This fits the case. Insomnia may be chronic or acute, but those of us who have lain awake even two consecutive nights can testify as to the "irritable inactivity." I have received many communications from sufferers of this kind, asking for some recipe for sleep. How I wish I had it to give, for of all the ills that flesh is heir to, chronic insomnia seems the most harassing. There is literally no comfort night or day. I overhead a gentleman on an elevated train the other morning talking on this subject with a friend, and he mentioned a very simple remedy which he said had completely cured him. His physician, who had tried everything known to science in vain, finally said, "There is just one thing more, and that will probably seem too ridiculous for a moment's serious consideration, but an old hospital nurse had the greatest faith in it, and had used it with almost unfailing success. It is to peel and bruise a good sized onion, and then tie it in a thin cloth and hang it around the neck, letting the odorous vegetable hang immediately under the chin." "Well, sir," he continued, "I tried the onion, and it cured me." There may be those who would rather continue to suffer from insomnia than to come in contact with a vulgar vegetable, but to insure "sleep at night" I would make my bed in an onion patch, and consider myself blessed among mortals. If any of my readers make use of this simple recipe, and it is found useful, I should like to know it.

**ELEANOR KIRK.**  
Antiquity of Beads.—The use of beads is of great antiquity, for they are found in the most ancient of Egyptian tombs as decorations of the dead, and beads supposed to have been used as barter by the Phoenicians in trading with various nations in Africa are still found in considerable numbers and are highly valued by the collector of ancient artifacts.

Ever since the Fourteenth century the manufacture of glass beads has been chiefly engrossed by the Venetians, and the glass manufacturers of Murano still produce fully nine-tenths of all the beads made.—New York Telegram.

**An Interruption.**  
George, sitting parlor stove—Why the dam—George, exclaimed his mother, reprovingly—George, "Pshaw, the dam—Why, George," screamed his sisters, how can you say that?—George, "Hang it all, I was only going to say that the dam—Lizzie—How can—George, continuing desperately—That the damper is turned off and there is no draught, What is the matter with you all?—The Epoch.

**Unsuccessful Experiment.**  
What a world of mistakes would be avoided if the same word always meant the same thing.

"Say, ma," remarked a small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a 'teasing baby'?"

"Why do you think it is funny, William?" replied the mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning, he didn't bounce a bit."—Chicago News.

**Lake Superior** is said to be the most ancient of the great lakes, dating back to Cambrian, and it may be older times, and that it formed, in other ages, one of the sources of the great rivers system terminating on the Atlantic seaboard.

**Few Diseases in Ireland.**

Whatever may be said for or against the Irish people, there is certainly one respect in which they may challenge the admiration of the world, namely, in matrimonial fidelity. In the recently issued tables giving statistics on the subject of divorce our own country leads in having granted nearly half a million divorces during the twenty years past, but there have been eleven divorces throughout the length and breadth of Erin during that period. Protestants or Catholic, in happiness or abuses, the Irish continue the partnership until it is dissolved by death.—Boston Traveller.

The Catholics of Brooklyn are showing a very broad and eclectic spirit in dealing with the temperance question. They are not only willing but glad to unite with earnest workers in this cause of whatsoever creed. The Protestants who are standing aloof because of their unwillingness to mix up with the Catholics, ought to be ashamed of themselves. A cause that can be obscured or hindered by a religious or political prejudice, can not be held very sacred.

A young lady writes me that she has made herself a beautiful parasol, of pongee, the same material as her dress. She trimmed it with deep handsome silk fringe of the same, and a darker shade, and adds, "I am very proud of this piece of work, for it is as handsome as any that I could purchase. The parasol frame was one that had been worn two summers. It

transitions from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they own their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50¢, and \$1 per bottle at Geo. M. Wood's Drugstore.



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